

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter Warwicke and Oxford with Soldiors.

War. Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends?

Cla. Feare not that my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*, I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull, where a noble heart
Hath pawnd an open hand in signe of loue,
Else might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carlesly encampt,
His soldiors lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our scouts haue found the aduenture very easie,
Then cry king *Henry* with resolu'd mindes,
And breake we presently into his Tent.

Cla. Why then lets on our way in silent sort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and S. George.

War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth stand,
Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.

All. A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. *Richard* and *Hastings*, let them go, heere is the Duke.

Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted
Last, thou calledst me King.

War. I, but the case is altdred now.
When you disgrac't me in my Embassage,
Then I disgrac't you from being King,

And

Yorke and Lancaster.

And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alasse, how should you gouerne any kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse Embassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to shroud your selfe from enemies.

Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let fortune do her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himsele a King.

War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,
But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne.
Go conuay him to our brother Archbishop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbroke* and his followers,
He come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* saies,
And so for a while farwell good Duke of *Yorke*.

Exit some with Edward.

Cla. What followes now? all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters into France,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speed to ioyne with vs.

War. I that's the first thing that we haue to do,
And free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his Regall Throne.
Come lets haste away, and hauing past these cares,
He poste to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.

Exeunt

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Lord *Hastings*, and Sir William Stanly,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this,
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere.
The Bishop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him,
and see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way my Lord the Deere is gone.